

# HOT DOG

THE REGULAR FELLOWS  
MONTHLY

MARCH 1924  
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Jack Dinsmore, Editor,  
Hot Dog,  
1005 Ulmer Bldg.,  
Cleveland, Ohio.

Dear Jack:

Enclosed find one green berry. Send me a copy of THE  
FUNNIEST BOOK IN THE WORLD.

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**JACK DINSMORE, Editor**

**FUN IS THE SUNSHINE OF SOCIETY. IT IS AN ENEMY TO MALICE, A FOE TO SCANDAL, AND A GUARDIAN ANGEL TO EVERY VIRTUE. IT FILLS THE SOUL WITH HAPPINESS, SOFTENS THE HEART AND QUICKENS THE INTELLECT.**

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## Well, I'll Tell You!

**A Little Preambular Chat With Jack Dinsmore,  
Editor of HOT DOG**

Governor Al Smith's boom for president on an anti-reform platform is busting up, they tell me.

And it's too bad.

Not because I am so wholeheartedly in agreement with Governor Al's policies. I don't know much about them.

But Al Smith is one of the most romantic figures in America today.

Just remember that he was born and reared among the gangsters and the tough mugs of the New York docks.

And he is today governor of New York, the largest state in the union; a popular, efficient and intelligent executive.

Al Smith's biography is a story of hope and triumph.

There is drama in it.

It is a beautiful moral spectacle to all of us to remember that keen minds and souls with poetry in them are to be found in the underworld.

It is inspiring to remember that education isn't a matter of schooling and attainment isn't a matter of "getting a good start."

Roosevelt came from the Long Island aristocracy and was educated at Harvard. Wilson was the son of a Presbyterian minister and was educated at Princeton.

But Al Smith in the presidential chair would be a striking monument to the ideal of a real human democracy—a living confirmation of that blessed phrase that "Down Does Not Mean Out."

Charles M. Schwab, the steel magnate, a man whom I admire very much, recently made a statement which hit me between the eyes. He said:

"You can make up your mind to do one of two things; you can have a good time in life, or you can have a successful life, but you can't have both."

This thought saddens me. I want to be a successful editor, but I also want to enjoy some of the frivolities of the world. I wonder if it is true that baldheaded men with an unswerving eye to their lifework are the only ones to attain the high positions in the world and that the Byronic type of man who is attractive to women is always a failure.

I suspect that this is the case, but it is a melancholy reflection.

Yet some great men have tarried by the wayside to enjoy themselves. Caesar, Napoleon, and Richard Wagner had many mistresses. Frederick the Great was a passionate lover of books. J. Pierpont Morgan was as much interested in painting as he was in finance.

Nevertheless, I think Mr. Schwab's philosophy is a true one and I am depressed thereby.

I don't know what made me do it, but I have just finished reading through President Coolidge's message to Congress.

If the President means it when he advocates less taxation and less legislation, I'm for him—especially as to the legislation.

I sometimes wish that the framers of the Declaration of Independence had included among the rights to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" another much-neglected right—THE RIGHT TO BE LET ALONE.

It seems to me that America has been visited, since the war, by a new plague, similar to the plague of the locusts in the Bible, and this plague I call "The Plague of the Busybodies."

Why do they insist upon making us moral against our wills, and pious against our wills and abstinent against our wills?

Isn't the salvation of each of us our own problem?

**Jack Dinsmore.**

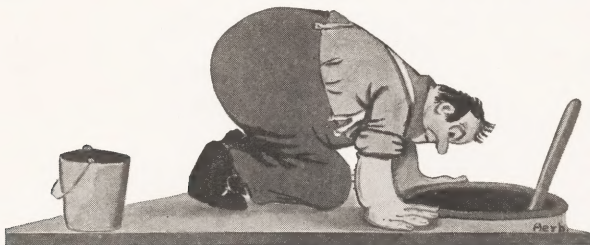
## Fat The Sewer Rat

or

### The Heart of a Poor Working Boy

When they baptized this baby, he was socked with the name of Reginald Rutherford Smilch. But that monicker no more fitted him than a high hat would fit a rattlesnake.

sloppy, swilly kind of a blot with a natural leaning toward sewerage. That's why, as the curtain goes up on our story, we find him all brashed up as a Class A sewer cleaner. A great muck of a lad,



From the day this glomb discovered he had a mouth in his mush, there were only three things on his mind: Breakfast, dinner and supper. When he got to be five years old he was so heavy his family had to move down into the cellar.

By that time the folks had K O'd the "Reginald Rutherford" stuff and were calling him by the juicy name of "Fat."

Fatty Smilch grew up to be a

nutty about his job.

Now, one day while Fat was delicately wallowing around at his fragrant graft, a wind that blew nobody any good grabbed his coat from out of the gutter and plunked it down the open sewer hole.

Fat let out a screech that could have been heard at King Tut's tomb, gripped a pole in his maulers and started after his lost "ben-nie."

As we wise blimps all know, a

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#### OHIO EPITAPH

**Here lies the remains of Archibald Sapp,  
He drove his machine with a broad on his lap.**

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sewer cleaner has got to clean sewers. He is paid by the city to work. Wherefore, the big boss ambled over to get a few eyefulls of Fat going through his slow motions.

"What are you doin' with that there pole?" he growled.

"Trying to get me coat,—it flopped in the hole," sniffed Fat.

The boss put on his gas mask and peeped down into the sewer.

"What d'yer want to waste yer time for, you'll never be able to wear that coat again."

"I know damn well I won't be able to wear the coat," shot back Fat, "BUT ME LUNCH IS IN THE POCKET!!!"

(The End)

## In The Gloaming

By Little Ignatz, the Hot Dog Shipping Clerk

I met a slim and dainty frail.

I murmured to myself, "Tonight  
I'll get that thin dame to myself—  
And teach her things about delight!"

Though she seemed weak and skinny, too,  
When I reached out and made a grab  
That damsel smacked me on the jaw!  
Then threw me from the taxicab!

Take my advice and don't get fresh  
When taking slender ladies home.  
For if you do, you'll likely land  
Out in the street, upon your dome!

## KENTUCKY EPITAPH

Here lies the remains of Commissioner Newman,  
Which shows what a freight train can do to a human.

CATHERINE STONEBURN



Richard Southall Grant, N. Y. O.

**"The Gold Girl of the Follies"**

## Overheard At The Switchboard

By Lucy Livewire, Hot Dog Connectress



"Be careful when you meet me, Harry. I'm here on my honeymoon and I'm supposed to be an innocent country girl."

"No, Flossie, I can't meet you at the Hotel. You forget I'm a Deacon."

"What size dress do you wear? 44? Alright, I'll bring one around. Let this be a lesson to you never to play strip poker with strangers."

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### BARBER-SHOP BLUES

Cut yourself a piece of chin.

"I don't care what your excuse is. I called you up six times last night and you weren't in. You better pack your things and get out. I ain't going to play second fiddle to nobody."

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"Be careful. The fellow with the black mustache is the hotel detective."

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"Let me tell you, girlie, the chances of your getting the movie job are very slim if you come to my office with a chaperone."

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"Would I like to go to a show and supper? Why, certainly. Come up to my room at 7:30. I'll be ready. Oh, by the way, who is this?"

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### **TOO BAD**

Ring around a rosy, pocketful of posy,  
Once when I was lonely, I met a girl named Josie.  
Our friendship was delicious,  
But Wifie got suspicious—  
I think that it's a dirty shame that women are so noseey.

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### **ROMANCE OF THE DEEP**

The boy stood on the burning deck  
And kissed the captain's daughter.  
The captain took him by the neck  
And threw him in the water.

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### **OUR LATEST SONG HIT**

"I Hear You Calling Me"—by the National Casket Company Quartette.

# The Heart of a Cuspidor Cleaner

or

## The Romance of a Boy Who Knew When He Had Enough



The hero of this rash was formerly a box-fighter.

His name was Kid Tusk and as long as he didn't eat starchy foods he was a welterweight.

He had a terrible right and a

bad left but he left himself as wide open as Paris.

A second rate prelim socker smacked him one night for the bologna and laid the Kid as flat as the Atlantic.

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Many a business man who has his wife's picture on his desk proves his loyalty by turning it around every time he kisses his stenographer.

When Tusk came out of it he found he was all through.

Every manager laughed him off. So he had to go to work.

For a week he drove a garbage truck. After he fainted eight times he quit.

Then he got a job as a goboon rinser in a fashionable trap.

The dump was called the Hotel Roquefort.

Every morning the Kid put on a jumper and went to the cuspidors.

Sweet, what?

Still, after the garbage sedan, Tusk felt like a bank president.

The gravy was eighteen herrings a week.

The Kid's ring experience had taught him to take it as well as give it.

He certainly cleaned them pretty.

Tusk was really a gorilla for good looks. The fairest flowers aren't particular about what kind of dirt they grow in.

He had a pan on him worth a fortune in nickels.

His looks were such that every girl on the hotel payroll was crazy to say good night to him in a vestibule.

Tusk noticed them the same as a show girl does a scene shifter.

To him the dolls were a snicker. Listen to what happened.

On the tenth floor of the hotel lived a little blondie whose name was Mrs. Flo Bash. Flo had been married to a dizzy banana who had believed everything a strange bootlegger had told him.

After the funeral she found she was worth two million dollars and sixty-three cents.

Get this.

The management of the hotel let Kid Tusk put on his regular clothes in the boiler room. After he got dressed, he would don a nobbie dicer and crash out through the lobby.

The country boys and girls who parked there used to flash him doing the exit and think that he was one of the guests.

They failed to notice that he never used any of the cuspidors on his way out.

(It's a wise employee who knows his own job.)

One evening Flo Bash was handing the desk clerk a kid when Tusk took the boulevard. The blonde panic lamped his nifty scenery and took a slant at his handsome Rand McNally.

"Who's your good looking friend, Sidney?" she asked.

The desk clerk saw a chance to

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**Some like 'em fat, some like 'em lean;  
I like mine just in between.**

have some fun of his own.

"Him? He's one of the disreputable wealthy who hangs out here when he ain't playing Bridge with Morgan. Percy Wildfleur is the label."

A week later Tusk was taking the air when the beauteous Flo Bash was coming in.

She used her head and did a piece of falling. The Kid picked her up like a cop helping himself to fruit from a wop's stand.

"Oh, Mr. Wildfleur—if you don't mind I will call you Percy—how can I ever thank you?"

The Kid took a look at her mug and shook his head.

"Which do you mean—Percy?"

Mrs. Bash staggered him with a smile.

"I know who you are so don't pretend ignorance. Won't you come upstairs to my suite? I'm afraid I've turned my ankle."

"You've turned my head!" Tusk laughed. "You're undoubtedly as cuckoo as a clock but what do I care? I'll follow you through hell in a pair of tissue paper pajamas lined with kerosene!"

Don't miss a word of this.

A week later the Kid kissed the cuspidors good-bye forever.

Didn't I tell you that Flo had plenty money?

The little widow was as proud of Tusk in a Tux with vermicelli stains on the lapels as Chicago is of its stockyards.

They were seen everywhere together.

She took him to first nights and last nights.

She had him dancing at all the big kafes. On his birthday she gave him platinum studs and a thousand megs for coffee and cakes.

After that he was a year older every week.

At first the Kid couldn't figure out what it was all about. It was soft as custard not having to worry about rent, clothes or the nosebags.

He was able to use a spittoon for the purpose which it had been invented.

Soon, however, the novelty began to wear off.

Even a child will get dizzy if it stays on a merry-go-round too long.

This big mock orange began to figure how he could imitate a ship that passed in the night. One day he spoke of going out to Los Angeles to see his consumptive aunt.

Flo thought that would be wonderful and promised to be ready for the trip in forty-eight hours.

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**Ignatz calls his sweetie Honey, because she has the hives.**

Tusk went out and got loaded.

When he came home he was real nasty. He told the woman where she could get off at. For good measure he slapped her a couple and poked her a stiff one in the puss.

Then he took the pad figuring it was freedom sure.

A smile, fellers!

The next morning Flo, with eighty cents' worth of beef steak tied to her right glim, cuddled up and called him "Cave Man," "Hero," "Big, strong, brutal Sweet Daddy."

She even wiped his nose for him.

The Kid felt the same as he used to feel when somebody socked him on the button with an eight ounce glove.

"Tell the Captain to bank the fires!" he moaned. "Here's where I dock for keeps!"

He was groggy but game.

He tried flirting with wimmen. Nothing doing. He swiped some of Flo's jewelry and hocked it.

She gave him more!

He ate with his knife but all she did was to put courtplaster on the cuts. He got bunned three nights out of four but she was always around with a taxi to take him home.

He cursed her, he cuffed her and

for weeks he never left a ring in the bathtub.

No use.

He tried sneaking out with his clothes in a valise.

Foolish idea!

A big private detective agency collected heavy graft from Flo for keeping an eye on Tusk.

The leopards up in the Zoo had a better chance for a break than he did.

Finally there came a time when the Kid could stand it no longer. Even a worm will turn if you kick it in the pants.

He bought a .38 caliber revolver and picked out a quiet spot in the Park to do the Dutch. He was pulling the cannon out of his pocket when the trigger caught in the lining.

The rod accidentally exploded and killed a passing pedestrian.

Twenty minutes later Kid Tusk was in the box—as happy as a toy on Christmas Eve.

They fixed him up with a trial, a jury, a lawyer and all the trimmings. The Kid pleaded guilty and sang all through the case.

"Twenty years!" His Honor bawled when the jury came in.

They threw him back in his cell—all roguish smiles and happy laughter.

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**A hypocrite is a bird who eats cloves to make his friends think he has had a drink.**

After they locked the door he burst into song again. It didn't last long, for the reason that all of a sudden he happened to look across the aisle.

In the cell directly opposite was a familiar figure. He looked once—he looked twice and that was enough.

**FLO HERSELF!**

"There you are honey mans!" the millstone cooed. "What do you think? When I heard what happened to you I poisoned three women at the hotel so they'd send me here. Listen, honey boys. I've fixed it with the warden and to-

night he's going to unlock the door so I can step across and visit with you awhile—"

But the Kid fooled her at that.

There was a beautiful big brass cuspidor just outside the cell. That night when they opened the door Tusk saw it and, stopping only to uppercut the blonde, did a nose dive.

**WHEN THEY WERE FINALLY ABLE TO CHISEL THE BRASS AWAY FROM HIS SHOULDERS THE MOCKIE WAS FOUND TO BE DROWNED ABSOLUTELY DEAD!**

## Etiquette Questions

**Answered by Callimachus Balzoff, the HOT DOG Genius**

Dear Mr. Balzoff: Is it proper to wear a red necktie with a Tuxedo?—Gentleman Jack.

**By all means, Jack, if you're wearing a purple shirt and green spats to match.**

Dear Mr. Balzoff: I am going to a Fisherman's Masquerade Ball and want a costume that will make them all sit up and take notice. What shall I wear?—Daring Dora.

**Wear a Hair Net, Dora.**

Dear Mr. Balzoff: Is it proper to eat olives with a nut cracker?—Silly Sam.

**Absolutely not; use a monkey wrench.**

Dear Mr. Balzoff: How can I stop my boy friend from dipping pickles in his tea?—Polite Peggy.

**Serve him coffee.**

Dear Mr. Balzoff: My girl has a hole in her stocking. How can I tell her without embarrassing her?—Bashful Ben.

**Stick your finger in it, Ben.**

Dear Mr. Balzoff: What should a bride do on her wedding day?—Ignorant Ida.

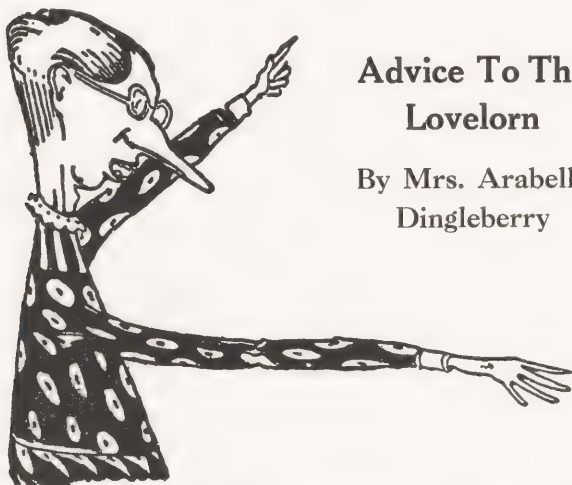
**Take a bath.**

MARY SMITH



Ira D. Schwarz

of Ted Lewis' Frolic



## Advice To The Lovelorn

By Mrs. Arabella Dingleberry

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: Do you think a man can love two women at the same time?—Amorous Asher.

**It's possible, but I advise you to call on them on different evenings.**

\_\_\_\_\_  
**Mrs. Jake Smith—Under the circumstances, I don't think he ought to charge you for the ice.**

\_\_\_\_\_  
Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: How can I make the young man I'm engaged to happy?—Miss Behavior.

**Don't marry him.**

\_\_\_\_\_  
Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: You said in your columns once that the bad girls who go auto riding with strange men go to hell. Where do the good girls go?—Back Seat Betty.

**To a chiropodist.**

\_\_\_\_\_  
**Seena Lott: Time will tell!**

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### THE HEIGHT OF EMBARRASSMENT

**When the hotel clerk calls your wife by her first name.**

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: Can you tell me anything about broadcasting?—O. B. Have.

If they try to tempt you, just cast them out of the window.

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: Can two live together as cheaply as one?—Willie Plotz.

No, and not as long either.

Iona Wiggle: Threaten to tell his wife!!

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## Hot Dog Recipes

By MRS. DINGLEBERRY

### 1. How to make your own Home Brew.

To 1 gal. Water, add 1 lb. Saw-Dust, 4 Prunes, 1 Bag Epsom Salts, 2 Bananas, 1 Can Cock-Roach Powder, 4 Bars of Soap and 8 Sticks of Dynamite. Pin the Name of an Undertaker to your Vest and then put it all into a Meat Grinder and grind thoroughly.

### 2. How to make an Impression on your Mother-in-law.

Drive 94 Spikes through the Mattress of her Bed. Line the Comforter with Barbed Wire. Throw in 12 Porcupines and start a Bonfire underneath the Bed. She'll see to what Trouble you are going to make things Pleasant for her and she won't impose upon you ever after.

### 3. How to make Bread Pudding. (Especially useful to the young Bride.)

Chop up a Loaf of Bread, add 1 pt. Mustard, 3 elephant's eggs, 1 bottle iodine, 4 Cigar Buts and sprinkle with T. N. T. Put in oven for 10 minutes. It will come out wonderful.

### 4. How to avoid paying Income Tax.

Draw all your Money out of the Bank. Get acquainted with a nice little Blonde Chorus Girl. Be sure to show her your roll. She'll invite you up. Soon you'll have nothing to worry about. The girl and your Money will be gone and you won't have to pay the Government a Cent.

### 5. How to test Moonshine.

Drink it.

## The Hot Dog Matrimonial Agency

Service is Our Motto

There are many worthy ladies and gents who are pining away their lives in solitude. Send us your picture and we'll mate you up.

### FIRST CANDIDATES

#### RUDOLPH ZILCH

This gentleman does not wish to give his age as he claims to be just as good as when he was forty. Any chorine of the Midnight Frolic or any big slam in the movies who has been able to collect a sock full of dough and can pass Mr. Zilch's physical test and inspection will be given an equal chance. Mr. Zilch coyly suggests that all things become more so with age, but he refuses to boast.



#### SYBIL NIBBLE

Miss Nibble tells us that she is also nicknamed "Cutie." She has a lovable disposition. Any poor slob who owns a hog farm and feels that the place is getting too "Ritzy" will welcome this addition to his family. She may not be a shriek for looks but she's a soft proposition to lean on.



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Silk hose have stretched many an innocent neck.

## The Hot Dog Matrimonial Agency

### **RICARDO SHORTSTROKE**

Mr. Shortstroke is a rare prize for any well formed beauty who has grown tired of money, jewelry and action. This strong, handsome, silent man of the great open spaces is a bargain. He comes highly recommended and any applicants for his horny fist must consider their qualifications very carefully before wasting Mr. Shortstroke's time, as he hasn't much more to waste.



### **BETTY BEETLE**

Miss Beetle has dignity. We don't know what good that will do you, but there it is anyway. Betty craves music. Any guy who can jazz through a bowl of soup and snore a rhapsody has a good chance of copping off this clod of stew meat.

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### **HOUSEHOLD HINT**

**Why kiss your wife when the cat can do the dirty work?**

## Limerick Looie



### I.

There once was a lady of means,  
Whose diet was nothing but beans.  
I am sorry to say  
She exploded one day,  
And was blown into small smithereens.

### II.

There once was a maiden named Ruth,  
Whose manners were very uncouth—  
She used her best clothes  
For wiping her nose,  
And a hatpin for picking her tooth.

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It Takes More Than an Apple to Tempt a Man These Days.

## III.

An inventive young fellow named Brown  
Made a hit with the folks in his town  
With a process that would  
Make the booze taste as good  
Coming up as it did going down.

## IV.

There once was a digger of gold,  
Who retired when at last she was old.  
But once in a while  
She would add to her pile  
A nugget or two, I am told.

## V.

A cowboy who lived in the West  
Had medals all over his chest.  
Chasing calves in Seattle—  
The silk ones, not cattle—  
Was the pastime that suited him best.

## VI.

There once was a maiden called Sue,  
Who was known as a terrible stew.  
This angel of sin  
Was so looney for gin  
She would guzzle it out of your shoe.

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THIS IS THE SADDEST POEM WE'VE EVER SEEN

'Tis sweet to love,  
But Oh, how sad,  
To love a dame  
Who goes out with your Dad.

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We will now sing the latest song entitled, "Father Joined  
the Ku Klux Klan and Swiped Our Last Clean Sheet."

## Passionate Pete

A Story of Love and Lefthooks



Over in Garbageville, there was a Human String-Bean who answered to the Moniker of Asher. He was so Bow-legged, you could drive a Tin Lizzie between his Dogs.

Whenever Asher went to a Party, he carted an Ironing Board with him. If some Pifflicated Dame suddenly lost her Mind and wanted to park herself on his Lap, he stretched the Board across

Both Knees and let her squat. Otherwise, she would have rolled off.

From the Hips down he looked like the Letter O.

The Goof had a Pair of Arms that were as Thin as the Ham they put in the Sandwiches in Childs' and his Chest was as Flat as an empty Poke.

Yet, there was more Pash in this Long Drink of Water than

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**Ignatz says the force that moves the world is the police force.**

you can find in all of Elinor Glyn's Books. He could have knocked off the Three Weeks in One Night.

But he was as Popular with the Janes as a Young Bride who gets the Hives on her Honeymoon.

One Day Asher picked up a Copy of "Garlic—the Strong Man's Magazine" and glommed an Ad there—"Become Muscular and the Dames will fall for You like Rain Drops."

He cracked the Baby's Bank and sent the Ten Berries to get the Dope.

Within a Year, the Human Flag-Pole took on so much Beef, he looked Like Samson before he had his Hair bobbed.

Asher got real Ambitious. There was no Percentage in wasting himself on the Sloppy Susies of Garbageville. He was going to hit the Big Town and grab off a Couple of those Babies that insure their Legs for a Million Bucks.

He hiked into a Beanery on 10th Ave. and ordered a Ton of Hash and a Bucket of Java.

When he glommed the Dish-Slinger, he felt as Anxious as a Red Necktie. She was some spiffy little Cherry with a Pair of Bedroom Eyes and a speedy Get-Up.

The little Tasty Number

brought him the Kitchen Mystery and then hung around giving him the Double O from Hoof to Dome, while he put on the Feed-Bag.

Asher puffed up his Chest for another Two Inches so the Moll would see his Muscular Development.

"What's on your Mind, Cutie?" he yapped.

"I was just admiring your Physique," the Chippy squeaked.

"Hell, is that Damn Thing showing again?" he scowled.

"I knock off in a Half Hour," chirped the Frail, giving him a Promising Look. "Meet me outside and we'll get acquainted. I like my Men Strong and Rough."

Asher hung around until the Nifty came out. She flopped beside him in the Taxi and rested her Kicks on the Seat in front. Then she yanked a Pack of Humps out of her Sock and lit a Pill. Asher almost swallowed his Adam's Apple when he saw the Hosiery Display.

The Jane snuggled up against his Chest like a Bed-Bug in a Mattress. Asher felt like a Dynamite Bomb that might explode any Minute.

She took him to a Shimmy-Parlor down in Roughneck Alley. It

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**We will now sing that heart-breaking funeral dirge entitled, "He's Going Home to Brew No More."**

was one of those Ruffined Dumps where you've got to take the Skimmer off when you shake a Leg. They charge Two Bits for Gents and Ladies are Free. Guns must be checked at the Door because the Management once went Bankrupt burying the Musicians.

When Asher got on the Floor with the Jane, he just put his Paws around her and stood there hugging her until he felt like mischief.

"Hey, you," yelped a Pug-Ugly who was in Charge of the Floor, "shake a Hoof or beat it. This ain't no Sassiety Ball."

Asher felt more like Petting than Dancing so he took the Dame out on the Fire Escape. He planted her on his Lap, put his Mitts around her, and bent over to smack her one on the Rubies.

A tough looking Bim whose Head was glued on to his Chest did an Indian Act and grabbed hold of Asher's Scalp.

"She's my Woman," he growled.

"Like Hell she is," came back Asher.

The Pug-Ugly came over. "Say, if you Guys wanna fight this out like Gentlemen I'll put up the Ring."

"Sure, put it right up," pipes the Jane. Then she whispers in Ash-

er's Ear, "Don't be afraid of him. He's only a Ham Bolognie. Treat him rough."

"Watch me," says Asher.

It was some Battle. It made Chateau Thierry look like a Ping Pong Party. Asher fought like a Dozen Wild Cats but he was up against a tough Customer. Poor Ash, he had the Muscular Development but he didn't know a Hell of a Lot about Boxing. He was one of those Oliver Twist Fighters, kept coming in for more. And he got it, too.

Both his Glims were swelled like Sponges, his Bugle was bleeding like a Faucet, and Four First Class Ivories were knocked out of his Mouth.

Still Asher hung on. This was a Battle for a Woman.

In the Tenth Round, Asher took a Wallop right on the Button. That separated him from his Home, his Country and his Senses.

When he woke up, he found himself in a Hospital. The Pug-Ugly was sitting beside him.

"There ain't no Petty Larceny Crooks down in my Joint," said the Pug. "You lost some of your Property last Night so I brung it to you. Here's the Four Ivories Battling Keeney knocked out of your Puss."

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### HOUSEHOLD HINT

**When the old man slobbers, teach him to spit.**

"Was that Battling Keeney I fought?" Asher yelled.

"Yep, that's him, the heavy-weight Champ. He's so darn Tight he won't pay for a Sparring Partner. That's why he picked on you and had a good Battle. He gets all his training that way free of Charge."

"But what happened to the little Frail?" Asher asked.

"I guess she's out looking for another Strong Arm Guy. She vamps them and brings them down here for Keeney to practice on. She's Keeney's Wife."

*(The End)*

## Rules for Guests in the Ruff House

### Leading Hotel of Eczema, Ohio

I. Please treat our chambermaids as if they were your own sisters.

II. No shooting will be permitted in the rooms. If the bed bugs annoy you, cut their heads off.

III. Don't use the gas for committing suicide. A rope is provided for that purpose.

IV. Please do not stick hat pins through key-holes. A man lost an eye that way last year.

V. Divorcees will leave photographs of ex-husbands at the desk for identification. No more than six photographs permitted.

VI. Guests are not permitted to invite their brothers to take baths in their rooms.

VII. Guests occupying adjoining rooms will kindly call the house detective to act as chaperone if they wish to make social visits after one o'clock.

VIII. It is strictly forbidden to use Bed sheets as towels.

IX. Guests who walk in their sleep should have their room number on a card in their pajamas.

X. No liquor will be served in rooms. We serve in pints only.

XI. Please do not forget the name under which you registered.

XII. Guests are warned against playing Strip Poker on Monday. We test our fire alarm bells on that day.

## Prunella, The Pure Girl



Prunella Hatchetface had a Puss that would turn a Bottle of Milk sour.

She was as Flat as an Ironing Board and had the Shape of a dried-up Herring. Her Elbows were sharp enough to be used as Can Openers.

She was Hipless, Bustless and Senseless.

Prunella had it in her Nut that there was something Immoral going on behind every drawn Shade. And so, she'd sit with a Pair of Field-Glasses glomming all the Neighbors' Windows.

Scandal was to her what a fat, juicy Leg is to the Mosquito.

The Neighborhood hated her worse than the Seven Year Itch.

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### BARBER COLLEGE YELL

Cut his lip!

Cut his jaw!

Leave his face

Raw! Raw! Raw!

Besides this, Prunella was Prexy of the Old Maid's Temperance Union.

She was as full of Morals as a Hobo's Dog is full of Fleas. Why, she even declared Shakespeare Immoral because Romeo wore Tights.

Right across the Street from Prunella lived Sallie, a Finger-Nail Butcher in a Barber Shop where Stag Entertainers hung out.

Sallie's Noodle wasn't filled up with much, but she had something tasty in her Socks. That Jazz Baby dolled up for Work the way some Janes do to go to a Hop at the Astor.

What got Prunella's Goat was the fact that Sallie was so darn popular with the Sheiks. On Wednesday Night there was a Traffic Cop in front of her Door to keep the Cake-Eaters in Line that wanted to call on her.

"No Girl can be decent and have so many Gentleman Friends," chirped Prunella, as she strained her Glins trying to get a Peek of what was going on in Sallie's Furnished Room.

One Day a great, big Sedan stopped in front of Sallie's Shack. It was the Latest Hotel Model Flivver. It had Twin Beds, a

Bathroom, a Hotel Clerk and a Register.

A Guy who looked like a Baby Hippopotamus came out Backwards. He was tricked out in Stripes like a Barber's Pole. In his Necktie, he had a Diamond Horse-Shoe big enough to fit a Live Mule.

He dismissed the Chauffeur and wobbled up Sallie's Steps.

The Gink flopped down in the Morris Chair and Sallie squatted herself on his Pressed Pants, snuggled up and kissed his fat Lips.

"H o w Shocking," squeaked Prunella, as she viewed it through her Field Glasses.

The big Turk got up from his Chair, lifted Sallie in his Hay-Tossers and carried her all around the Room doing an Imitation of a Ballet Dance.

"How Degrading," yelled Prunella.

Then the Big Guy put Sallie down in the Chair, sunk down on his Knees and yanked off her Kicks.

"My Gawd!" Prunella shrieked, "I wonder what he'll do next."

Then the Big Guy pulled down the Shade and Prunella got a Kick in the Pants.

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**If some girls would pull down the shades while undressing, a lot of fellows would get more sleep.**

However, she didn't sleep a Wink that Night. She watched the House and didn't see the Greaseball leave.

In the Morning she spilled the Beans in the Grocery Store and poor Sallie had to bring down her Marriage License and prove that she had been married the Day before.

Sallie swore she'd get Revenge on the Old Maid even if it cost her her last Drop of Rouge.

About two Months after this, Prunella got a Shock that knocked her off her Pins.

She glommed Sallie and her Husband coming out of the House with a Baby Carriage!

"Mercy me," she yelped. "They're married only Two Months. How Disgraceful. I always knew there was something Wrong with that Girl."

But Sallie and her Husband didn't seem one Bit ashamed. Three and Four Times a Day they took that Kid out for an Airing. They even took it out Nights.

Prunella was just dying to see what that Brat looked like.

She got her Chance, too.

One Day when she was walking along the Street, Sallie came

up alongside of her with the Baby Carriage.

Sallie looked as Nervous as a Guy who has a Date to meet a Chorus Jane on the Corner and whose Wife has accidentally come upon the Scene and insists upon chewing the Fat with him.

"O, Miss Prunella," she cried, "will you please mind my Baby for one Minute. I'll be back in a Second."

Before Prunella had a Chance to register Indignation, Sallie left the Carriage and beat it.

Prunella stood there for a Couple of Minutes and then got Curious to see what the Offspring looked like. She bent over and lifted the Blanket.

"Mercy me," she squeaked.

Sallie had no Baby at all!

Under the Blanket was a Case of Scotch!!!

A tough looking Bird with a Brown Skimmer and a Mustache clapped a Big Paw on Prunella's Shoulder.

"You come along with me now, Old Girl," he gargled. "I caught you with the Goods."

And so, Prunella, the Prexy of the Old Maid's Temperance Union, was pinched for Bootlegging.

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**The same hand that musses up your hair may comb another fellow's into place.**

## There Ain't No Luck in Love

*(The True Confession of Lucy Livewire, Hot Dog Telephone  
Girl, Explaining Why She is Still Making Connections)*

The first I had was Henry Lees,  
A bozo with ten thousand rocks;  
His elbows had a wicked squeeze,  
But gosh, he never changed his socks.

The next who came was Simon Bell;  
He thought that all I did was flirt—  
I might have married him, but Hell,  
He left the soup-stains on his shirt.

The third who fell was William Touch;  
Now Billy, he—oh, what's the use?  
There ain't no use to tell you much—  
He drizzled his tobacco juice.

The fourth was handsome as a sheik,  
But oh, my Gawd, give me some air!  
He liked his tea a trifle weak,  
And lilac perfume in his hair.

The fifth was from the West, where men  
Are men, and cowboys sling the loop—  
I hope I never hear again  
The music that he made with soup.

The sixth he was a darling duck,  
Young, rich, and handsome—Charlie Frome;  
Doggone, it's always just my luck—  
His Mamma came and took him home.

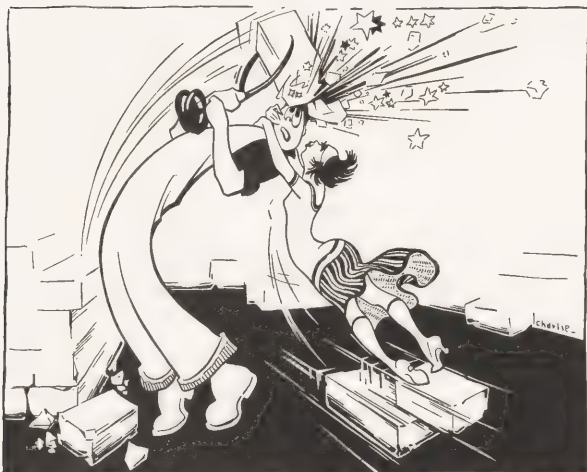
The seventh—slush, I guess I'll quit!  
I could go on all night this way—  
There ain't no use denying it—  
I'm with my ninety-eighth today!

## The Ice Man's Daughter

A Cold Story of Hot Love

By MRS. DINGLEBERRY

*Editor's Note: This tale is so moral as to be unbearable. Arabella submitted it to the W. C. T. U. Journal and only let me have it after the Journal turned it down.*



Beautiful Beckie was the child of an ice-man.

Brought up among the cakes, she was as cold as a Polar Bear. She lived in the cellar with the old man's stock. There the temperature was always zero or less.

At eighteen Beckie didn't know if Love was Indigestion or a city in Europe.

What's more, she didn't care.

No man had ever taxied her through the Park. For all she knew, a kimono was something the

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Many a peroxide blonde trying to pass off as a chicken has gray hair under her arms.

JUSTINE JOHNSTONE



Studies of Dorothy Wilding

**Now doing the light fantastic in London**

broads wore in which to do the housework.

But wait!

One day, Mike Poof, proprietor of the Poison Pill Ice Cream Saloon, sent an S. O. S. to Father Ice.

He wanted a piece in a hurry. As Father was keeping company with a quart of Scotch, Beckie saw he was in no condition to swing a cake. So she went around to make the delivery herself.

Now listen.

At the bar of the Ice Cream Saloon stood Handsome Harold Spessermint. Harold was a fountain maniac. Sodas had gotten him. He was a slave of Orange Crushes. Night and day the Colas held him in a deadly grip.

He went from one Nut Sundae to another.

The marks of this horrible vice were in his complexion.

Harold had a pimple for every fish in the Pacific!

When Beautiful Beckie saw Handsome Harold, her heart gave her a swift kick in the ribs. Her wonderful eyes grew moist with pity. "The poor gil," she murmured, "a vamp for the vanilla! Will no one save him?"

As for Harold, stupified with

two Chocolate Sodas and a chaser of Malted Milk, he gave the sweet little rib a fishy eye.

"What a cute li'l snapper!" he thought. "I'll make this wren and I'll make her plenty!"

With that he promptly did a flop.

The Ice Cream Saloon owner wanted to have Harold carried out on a shutter.

When Beckie heard this she rushed forward.

"Stop! I'll punch the first man in the puss who touches the boy! He's overheated. Call a cab. **know** what'll cool him off!"

Can't you guess?

Beckie took Harold up to the cellar. She made a bed for him on Fifty Pounds of Ice. If this didn't crab the fever, then Napoleon never even saw France!

Harold recovered.

Day by day in every way the passion for Strawberry Phosphates grew less. He stopped moaning for the Cokes. The lining of his stomach healed up.

If you leave it alone it's bound to get better!

Beautiful Beckie by this time loved Harold madly. She didn't know what was the matter with her. Every time she crept to his

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**There's many an old maid goes to sleep with a copy of  
HOT DOG under her pillow.**

CARRIE FINNELL



The Girl With the \$100,000 Legs.

frosty cot she shivered all over.

Late one day Harold emerged from it. He saw Beckie leaning over him. Some leaner! The minute he piped her he wished he was a fly.

Then he could have lived on the chandelier in her bedroom!

"Speak!" Beckie begged. "Are you better?"

"Better than what?" Harold asked, pushing some slush aside and sitting up. "Where am I?"

Beckie explained. He thought he was up around the Pole, but got the idea out of his system.

"Why you cute little piece of rock salt!" he cried. "You've saved me from the gutter. For a fact, I don't care if Ice Cream is eaten or drunk now. You've burned me up."

"Ain't that amusing," Beckie said. "I'm feeling just about Ditto myself."

Harold sat up. He took an

icicle out of his pajamas and absently brushed some sleet from his hair.

"Where's the family?" he asked.

Beckie blushed.

"Down at the river. Dad's buying up an acre of water so we'll have plenty of the stuff next winter. Why do you ask?"

Harold's answer was to hold out his arms.

You know how it is.

Harold and Beckie were married in the Fall. They went to live in Yonkers. Mike Ice, the father, sent them up the cold thing every day. They had two children. The first they called Berg. The second, Box.

Ice went in front of each.

As for Harold, the Soda Curse was lost forever.

Just to prove his Strength of Character he opened an Ice Cream Foundry of his own.

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**LOVE—A man's insane desire to let a woman make a jackass of him.**

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**Sod covers a multitude of brew drinkers.**

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**Ignatz wonders what a widow thinks about when she is on her honeymoon with her fourth husband.**

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Will you do this for  
me this month—

*Buy a copy of*

“SECRETS”

*—read it—then  
give it to a friend?*

*Jack Renshaw*

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**A man who marries a  
widow leaves himself  
open to comparison**

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